Tucker Mill

SOUTHAMPTON - LONG ISLAND



Distinctive

DINING IN THE COUNTRY

Wine List

BORDEAUX BLANC		RED BORDEAUX	
1950 GRAVES SUPERIEUR	btl. ½bt	1950 VIN ROSE bil.	½btl.
Medium Sweet\$	3.00 \$1.7	Medium Day\$ 3.00	\$1.75
1949 SAUTERNES		1949 MEDOC DRY BORDEAUX 2.50	1.50
Sweet Fine Bouquet	4.00 2.2	5 1950 CHATEAU LAFITE	
		Rothschild 5.00	2.75
WHITE BURGUNDY		RED BURGUNDIES	
1949 CHABLIS	5.00 2.75	1947 BEAUJOLAIS 4.00	2.25
		1949 POMMARD 5.00	2.75
RHINE WINE AND MOSEL	LE	FRENCH SPARKLING BURGUNDAY	
1950 LIEBFRAUMILCH		SPARKLING BURGUNDY	
White Label	4.00 2.25	Sichel's Red Cap 8.00	4.25
1951 PIESPORTER			
Dry Moselle Riesling	4.50 2.50		
FRENCH CHAMPAGNES		AMERICAN CHAMPAGNES	
1947 MUMM'S CORDON ROUGE 12		PAUL MASSON 7.00	3.50
MOET AND CHANDON		GREAT WESTERN 7.00	3.50
TAITTINGER 11			
TAITTINGER (Pink) 11			
(,	.00		

Dinner

Hors D'Oeuvres

MELON IN SEASON .50

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL .35

SHRIMP COCKTAIL .90

HORS D'OEUVRES TUCKER MILL 1.75

MELON PROSCIUTTO 1.00

CLAMS CASINO TUCKER MILL 1.50
CHICKEN LIVER PATE .75
FRESH FRUIT COCKTAIL SUPREME .50
SEAFOOD COCKTAIL .90

Potages

ONION SOUR AU GRATIN .50 COLD VICHYSSOISE .75

POTAGE DU JOUR .50

JELLY MADRILENE .50

Entrées

PRICE OF ENTREE INCLUDES - CELERY AND OLIVES - VEGETABLE - HOT ROLLS - SALAD

ROCK CORNISH HEN A LA CREME, WILD RICE 4.00

LONG ISLAND DUCKLING BIGARADE 4.00

ONE HALF BROILED CHICKEN 3.50

(2) BROILED LAMB CHOPS 4.50

ROAST PRIME RIBS OF BEEF 4.00

PRIME SIRLOIN STEAK 5.50

BROILED LIVE MONTAUK LOBSTER 5.00

BEEF STROGANOFF, WILD RICE 3.50

FILET OF FLOUNDER SAUTE' MEUNIERE 3.75

VEGETABLE HOT ROLLS SALAD

Desserts

PEACH MELBA .75

ASSORTED FRENCH ICE CREAM .40

RASPBERRY OR ORANGE SHERBET .40

PEAR HELENE .75

PARFAIT AU CREME DE MENTHE .75

HOMEMADE PIE AND CAKE .60

PROFITEROLE AU CHOCOLATE .60

CAMENBERT OR BLUE CHEESE WITH CRACKERS .60

Café, Thé, Etc.

CAFE A LA CREME .35 SANKA .35

POT OF TEA ..35

DEMI TASSE .35

As a preface to dining at Tucker Mill Inn for the first time, some highlights or past history of the place may interest you. Glancing around, many questions come to one's mind.

A fine three-story mansion, once the summer home of Arthur B. Claflin, textile multi-millionaire, houses the Tucker Mill Inn.

A fine three-story mansion, once the summer home of Arthur B. Claflin, textile multi-millionaire, houses the Tucker Mill Inn. Situated on a beautiful 60 acre estate high on Shinnecock Hills overlooking the bay and Atlantic Ocean, it is one of the most treasured spots on the Eastern Coast of United States. This was just a summer "Cottage" to the Claflin's who had a winter home in Palm Beach, and a year round residence in Lakewood, N. J.

There is nothing, now, to tell you that this elegent estate was abandoned for almost 15 years (in fact it was known as the old haunted house), and it is to pause and ponder, when the Tuckers, he a Chemical Engineer and she an artist, having owned and operated a cosmetic and plastics Company in New York City; moved from a modern apartment to this "haunted mansion" in fashionable Southhampton, and in less than five years turned it into a unique resort hotel - a welcome refuge from the hustle and bustle of city life.

Here you will find rare Old World Charm . . . Warm, inviting, truly different! Your hosts want you to feel absolutely at home and your happiness and comfort is their first consideration.

The Tucker Mill Inn dining room (the source of its fame, goodness in the form of delectable food) features French - American Cuisine with Rock Cornish Hen a la Creme with Wild Rice, Roast Long Island Duckling Bigarade as the house specialities - and of course, many other dishes to delight both the gourmet and the fellow who just loves good food.

The Sunday Night Buffet - featuring Hot Dishes - is famous throughout the area. Roast prime ribs of beef, roast stuffed turkey, baked virginia ham, clams casino, lobster, shrimp and other favorites. Whipped cream desserts, or luscious pecan pie or fresh peach chiffon pie might be your choice. Among the habitues of the Tucker Mill Inn are many who travel the world over, and still claim the Buffet is second to none.

You are soon impressed with its importance as a restaurant, but you cannot escape the evidences of gracious living that went into its building. Built in 1898 during the burgeoning society of America's Gilded Age, before the income tax era, when enormous fortunes were accumulated, and those who made money could live lavishly and entertain expensively. Much royalty was entertained in the Claflin home, and their daughter married Lord Gosford of England.

The house is quite large, 150 ft. long (almost a city block) 30 spacious rooms and there is quality and richness wherever one glances. As you enter, an enormous mirror, set in a heavy carved frame covered with 22-carat gold, dominated the room. The furniture Baroque, embellished with hand carved ornaments and finished in antique gold was all imported from a castle in Europe. The rooms open one into another. To the south is the cocktail lounge and bar, where a huge picture window commands a panoramic view of the ocean and bay. The bar is extravagantly ornamented with heavy carving, and was originally purchased for \$15,000. To the east is a baronial "living hall" laid with thick carpet. A massive oak-panelled stairway leads to the spacious hotel accommodations above.

Tucker Mill Inn has acquired an enviable reputation as a dinner spot, and has introduced a new concept of summer living by combining the best features of a resort hotel with the charming atmosphere of a private club. Many guests call Tucker Mill Inn the "Country Club Hotel" adding - "there's nothing quite like it - anywhere."

TUCKER MILL - SOUTHAMPTON'S OLDEST WINDMILL - WAS BUILT IN 1713

In fact this Dutch Windmill is the oldest mill on Long Island. It's outline projects high above the sky-line of the wooded hills lending a legendary enchantment to the Tucker Mill Inn landscape.

The windmill was moved from Windmill Lane and Hill Street in the village of Southampton in 1890. For many years the old mill with its graceful latticed arms was the most prominent and picturesque object in the village, even the beautiful square tower of the Presbyterian church and the erection of other churches with towers has never supplied the great void left by the removal of the dear old mill.

Looking down lake Agawam from the beach, one was indelibly impressed by the memory of a most charming picture. Like the neighboring sea, with its ever changing stability, or its ever enduring mobility, the mill never looked the same twice. The lights and shadows of its slowly and majestically revolving arms danced over its gray shingled exterior at every conceivable angle. A small fan opposite the arms kept them always facing into the wind and so furnished a conspicuous weather vane for the whole village.

The mill did duty not only as a grist mill, but also as a signal tower. When a whaleship was in sight, a flag was flown from the mill. The word: "Flag on the mill, ship in the bay:" was passed from lip to lip and the streets soon filled with relatives and friends of the whale men, returning from three or four year voyages.

The "smock" or 'petticoat' mill, as it was called because the top revolved to bring the arms up into the wind, has been converted, by the Tuckers into an enchanting summer cottage, the original millstones and wheels are used in the midst of quaint colonial decor, and a picturesque serenity prevails throughout. The arms lost in the recent hurricanes will be replaced next year.

The following is a poem written about the mill:

THE OLD MILL

by Abigall Fithian Halsey

On the hill stood the Mill like a watch tower of old In the door stood the Miller all dusty and bold. Up the hill come the farmers with grist to be ground As the wings of the mill turned so merrily round. Oh, life had a flavor in days long ago, A tang and a savor we never shall know.

All the news of the village was ground into flour, the wind and the weather, the tide and the hour. The crops and the drews and the favoring breeze, the births and the deaths and the ships on the seas. Oh, flour had a flavor in days long ago, A tang and a savor we never shall know.

There was plenty of time and plenty of work, and "plenty" to do and no one to shirk.
Then no one was rich and no one was poor,
Religion was real and hell fire was sure.
Oh, talk had a flavor in days long ago,
a tang and a flavor we never shall know.

The news from New York, when it came once a week was turned with the cud to the "sou" west check. But the sight of a whale from the top of the mill, Sent a blast that would waken the dead down the hill. When the whale rally sounded at night or at morn, The call was a rival of Gabriel's horn.

Alas for the darkness that shrouded the mill,
In the strange march of "Progress" it moved with the hill.
Alone in its exiles and shorn of its wings,
The old Mill sits brooding on far away things,
On Life and its flavor in days long ago,
Its tang and its savor we never shall know.